

LOVE'S Revenge.

K A
DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

IN

TWO INTERLUDES.

D^r. John Hoadley

Set to Musick by Dr. GREENE.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XI.V.

The PERSONS represented are,

CUPID.

A Satyr.

MYRTILLO.

FLORIMEL.



Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

The Scene ARCADIA.



INTERLUDE I.

SCENE I.

CUPID is discovered on a Bank of Flowers, &c.

SYMPHONY.

Recitative.

Cup.  E tuneful Spheres, your Music
cease :
Nor Heav'n nor Earth can give
me Peace.

PSYCHE, too vain, too curious Fair,
Thou hold'st Love caught in CUPID's Snare.
Enjoy thy Scorn; thy proud Disdain,
And shake in Sport the galling Chain;
While CUPID welcomes Rage and Care,
Ministers of deep Despair,
Past Joys must all forgotten lie;
Here let the curst Remembrance die.

A 2

AIR.

[4]

A I R.

*Hence, ye little, subtile Fires,
Wanton Thoughts, and gay Desires;
Ye frantic Pleasures, mixt with Pain;
That make up Love's fantastic Train;
From his Mind Love bids you fly;
For LOVE himself now seeks to die.*

Da Capo,

But, hark! methinks I hear the Sound
Of Feet approaching near this Ground!

MYRTILLO enters, with a Paper of
Verses, and sings.

A I R.

I.

Myr. *The Charms of FLORIMEL,
No Force of Time or Art
Shall sever from my Heart;
But ever to the World I'll tell
The Charms of beauteous FLORIMEL.*

II.

*Each Rock, and sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall say, MYRTILLO loves;
And Echo shall be taught to tell
The Charms of beauteous FLORIMEL.*

III.

III.

*Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Bark doth wear
The Triumphs of my Fair,
To future Times in Verse shall tell
The Charms of beauteous FLORIMEL.*

IV.

*Each Brook, and purling Rill
Shall on its bubbling Stream
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And, as it rolls, in Murmurs tell
The Charms of beauteous FLORIMEL.*

V.

*The Sylvan Gods that dwell
Amidst this sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell
The Charms of beauteous FLORIMEL.*

Here hang my Verse, upon this Tree,
[He fastens the Paper to a Tree.
A Gift, my FLORIMEL, to Thee.—
MYRTILLO, fly; the fleeting Hour
Summons to thy true Love's Bow'r;
There, in the Shade of mingling Boughs
To pay the Tribute of thy Vows.

[Exit Myrt.
Cup.

Cup. Too happy Wretch! to see Thee blest
Strikes Daggers thro' my envious Breast:
Thy Joy, like Poison, chills my Blood,
My envious Soul abhors all Good;
Can CUPID, rack'd with high Disdain,
Smile upon the happy Swain?
Curst be thy Faith, thy Love, thy Joy!
And all Mankind be curst as I!

A I R.

*CUPID here his Reign foregoes;
Love does now no longer please;
Hate alone can sooth his Woes,
Hate alone can give him Ease.*

Da Capo.

Thus, to confound this happy Pair,
With Jealousy as light as Air,
Let the Name of FLORIMEL
Be chang'd to that of AMARYL.
[*Strikes the Paper with his Dart.*
But see!—

Enter FLORIMEL.

What beauteous Thing is this, in Dress
Like to some simple Shepherdess?
A Face so fair! so fine a Mien!
Not unworthy Beauty's Queen!
Sighing, she leans upon her Crook,
With charming, tho' disorder'd, Look:
See, from her Eye, as Cryстал clear,
Down on her Cheek there drops a Tear,
Might

[7]

Might make Revenge, tho' just, to nod,
And break in Bits her Iron Rod.

A I R.

Flor. O LOVE, regard a Virgin's Sigh:
Give me Sleep, or let me die.
Tyrant LOVE, why guardest thou,
Against so soft a Guest, my Brow!

Da Capo.

Since with her Song sad PHILOMEL
Did the Night's Approach foretel,
I have not clos'd my restless Eye:
And now the Lark ascends the Sky,
And hath his artless Notes begun,
To bid Good-morrow to the Sun;
Here on this flow'ry Bank I'll try
If gentle Sleep will close my Eye.

Cup. Soft Pity, cease thy tender Pray'r;
Plead not for the gentle Pair.

(Waves his Dart.)

Hither guide thy hapless Feet,
MYRTILLO, here thy Ruin meet;
Here from thy FLORIMEL — while I
My lov'd Revenge on others try.

A I R.

Soft Pity ne'er shall disarm me,
No tender Thought my Bosom move:
Only Revenge shall charm me:
Revenge is all that's left of Love.

Da Capo.

[Exit CUPID.

Flor.

Flor. (*Seeing the Verses*)
 What lovesick Shepherd has been here?
 'Tis my MYRTILLO's Character —
 Death to my Love! What do I see?
 My Eyes must sure be false to me!
 Ah no! too plainly here I see,
 MYRTILLO false to Love, and me.

A I R.

*Fond Heart, here bid all Love adieu,
 Thy fanſy'd Weath' resign:
 MYRTILLO is no longer true,
 His Love no longer thine.*

Da Capo.

MYRTILLO enters.

Myrt. My Life, my Love, my FLORIMEL,
 I've search'd the Secrets of the Vale;
 I've question'd ev'ry Breath of Air,
 When last he kiss'd my absent Fair;
 The feather'd People of the Grove
 Were silent, when I nam'd my Love:
 Thy Shepherd fear'd, some Sylvan Pow'r
 Had snatch'd the Goddess of the Bow'r.

Flor. Oh! MYRTILLO! —

Myrt. ——— Oh! my Fears!
 Oh! whence that Show'r of pearly Tears!
 Why dost thou turn away thine Eye?
 'Tis thy MYRTILLO asks thee, why —
 MYRTILLO asks thee to repose
 Upon his faithful Breast, and speak thy Woes.

A I R.

A I R.

*O beauteous Maid, no more refuse
To dry those crystal Show'rs ;
More lovely far than Morning Dews
That fall on op'ning Flow'rs.*

Flor. Approach me not—As soon I'd take
To my Breast the subtle Snake ;
Less Deceit in them doth reign,
Less Guile than in more subtle Men.

A I R.

*Cease, MYRTILLO, cease to wooe me ;
Hence, and see my Face no more :
Faithless Wretch, no more pursue me ;
Death is near, where you adore.*

Da Capo.

Myrt. What means my Love? — those
Words ne'er fell
From the sweet Lips of FLORIMEL.—
Her Tongue was ever soft and kind,
Calm as breathes the Southern Wind
Its Murmurs to the dimpled Wave,
When *Boreas* sleeps within his Cave.

Flor. Such were the Sounds that won me first :
The Maid who once believes, is curst. —
I heard within the holy Bow'r,
The Vows you made, the Oaths you swore.

B

Fool

[10]

Fool that I was, I thought them true,
And crown'd thee with the Violet's constant
[Blue.

A I R.

O Bow'r of Bliss, and Seat of Love,
Witness to the Vows he made;
Witness to the Wreaths he wove
To crown my happy Head!
No more those Oaths MYRTILLO swears,
Or swears to me no more:
Those Wreaths a happier Maiden wears,
Which I so lately wore.

Da Capo.

A I R.

Myrt. By all chaste Things above, I swear
By ev'ry golden Star,
By Heav'n, and You,
To Love MYRTILLO's true.
By those silver Beams of Light,
Whose Paleness rules the Night,
No Time, or Art,
Shall change MYRTILLO's Heart.

Da Capo.

Flor. Hast thou so soon forgot the Song,
To AM'RYL's Praise you votive hung?
Oh! there thou didst a Passion tell,
Too strong to be avow'd for FLORIMEL.

Myrt. To thee alone it does belong;
No other Theme adorns my Song!

Flor.

[11]

Flor. There is thy Verse — Behold her Name:
There read my Sorrow, and MYRTILLO'S
[Shame.

A I R.

*Fly, fly, unkind MYRTILLO, fly,
Fly to my Rival's Arms,
And gaze upon her Charms;
On her believing Bosom die:
The Vows once mine, sigh o'er again,
And teach her how to feel my Pain.*

Da Capo.

[Exit FLORIMEL.

Myrt. Oh stay! thou fair Unkind:
Some Spell in Magic Fetters binds
Our erring Minds. —
She flies, she flies,
Far from my longing Eyes,
Which still pursue
The less'ning View.
She's gone, gone, gone, for ever gone!
And Life to come shall be a Groan,

A I R.

*Blow Winds, and bear me to some Grove,
Clad in Shades of baleful Yew;
There to mourn my hapless Love,
And weep till she believes me true.
Hither, Sorrow, I invite thee;
Fill with thy gloomy Train my Mind.
The horrid Dwelling will delight thee,
And thou an easy Entrance find.* Da Capo.

B 2

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INTERLUDE II.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

A Satyr comes tripping in.

Sat. **T**HE Sun hath climb'd the burning
Steep,

And the Height of Heav'n doth keep ;

He darts direct his swelt'ring Ray,

And balances the equal Day.

PAN, who keeps the Shepherds Fold,

This Day a solemn Feast doth hold ;

He entertains some lovely Guest,

And order'd me prepare the Feast.

As with weary'd Step I trod,

Seeking Dainties for the God,

As I measur'd, up and down,

Verdant Lawns, and Fallows brown,

Sunny Hills, and russet Dales,

Op'ning Glades, embower'd Vales,

Streaming Lakes, and Rivers grey ;

I spy'd where CUPID sleeping lay.

A I R.

A I R.

*Deep in the Secrets of the Grove,
 Darkness, with gloomy Sway,
 Expell'd the gazing Day :
 Noon did with mimic Gloom
 The Face of Night assume.
 O blest Retreat ! th' Abode of Love !*

Da Capo.

There, upon the blushing Rose,
 Did the lovely God repose.
 His radiant Smile the God confess'd,
 Reclin'd upon his PSYCHE'S Breast.
 His Quiver by his Side was laid,
 When I approach'd with silent Dread.
 Soft this silver Dart I drew,
 And to the distant Hills, like Lightning, flew.

A I R.

*A cruel Nymph there roves
 About these happy Groves,
 Oh ! cou'd I, cou'd I, find her !
 This little, subtle Dart
 Should pierce her stony Heart,
 And teach her to be kinder.*

[The Satyr runs off.]

SCENE

S C E N E II. FLORIMEL'S Bower.

FLORIMEL is discover'd asleep.

MYRTILLO enters.

Myrt. Hail, happy Bow'r! blest Grotto, hail,
That hold'st my Fair, tho' cruel, FLORIMEL!
See, where on yonder Bank she lies;
Kind Sleep hath clos'd those desp'rate Eyes.
Her flowing Locks her Neck o'erspread:
Her lily Arm supports her Head;
Her Face like chaste DIANA's seems,
When she sheds her silver Beams
O'er the Fairies Midnight Courts;
And guides their little, frolick Sports.

A I R.

*Her Breath perfumes the Vale,
Sweet as the Morning yields;
Sweet as th' Arabian Gale,
That breathes from spicy Fields.*

Sweet be thy Sleep, thou lovely Maid!
And soft upon thy Eyelids laid!
Deep Silence guard thee all around!
Nothing hurtful here be found!
No bad Spirit tread this Ground!
Whether Fawn, or Satyr lewd,
Or Evil Genius of the Wood!

—But

—But I'll withdraw a-while, for fear
My Voice should pierce her tender Ear!

A I R.

*O gentle Sleep, propitious prove,
To a faithful Swain be kind;
And fill, in pleasing Dreams, her Mind
With sad MYRTILLO's constant Love.*
Da Capo.

(Exit MYRTILLO, and re-enter the Satyr.)

Sat. By the Sound amidst the Trees,
Borne upon the whisp'ring Breeze,
Sure some Mortal must be near: —
And now a Voice did strike mine Ear.
What lovely Object fills my Sight
At once with Awe, and with Delight!
I pant, — I burn, — my Blood's on fire! —
O Fairest, form'd to raise Desire,
Thou, that giv'st, must heal, my Smart. —
Here will I try my stolen Dart!
Thus plac'd, she cannot from me fly;
But I must meet her waking Eye.

A I R.

*Awake, my Fairest, my Delight:
Chear me with thy admiring View.
Who first shall greet thy waking Sight,
Him shalt thou love, and him pursue.*
Da Capo.
MYR-

MYRTILLO enters: *The Satyr strikes FLORIMEL with the Dart. She starts from her Sleep, and, seeing MYRTILLO first, runs to him.*

Myrt. What Voice ! ---- Protect me PAN;
what's here?
Thy Life shall pay, foul Ravisher! —

[The Satyr runs off.]

Flor. MYRTILLO, save me, or I die!

Myrt. MYRTILLO hath no greater Joy.
Why flow so fast these sudden Tears!

Flor. My trembling Heart's all chill'd with
Fears,
Thus wak'd and torn from pleasing Rest,
And Dreams of thee, that calm'd my troubled
Breast.

Myrt. Cast off thy Fears; these faithful
Arms
Shall shield my Charmer from all Harms.

A I R.

*While on my Breast
My Fair doth rest,
Oh! let MYRTILLO'S Faith be prov'd!
Let these sad Sighs
And streaming Eyes,
Witness that he ever lov'd.*

Da Capo.
Myr.

Myr. How could you doubt MYRTILLOS
Truth?

Flor. Forgive my Fears, thou injur'd Youth.

Myr. What Fury could such Hatred move?

Flor. MYRTILLO, 'twas Excess of Love.

Myr. Could Love with Hate thy Soul inspire?

Flor. 'Twas jealous Love set all on Fire.

D U E T.

Myrt. *Let these Arms again enfold thee.*

Flor. *Faithful Shepherd, do I hold thee?*

(Both) *Gloomy Cares, that fill'd my Mind,*

Hence — I give you to the Wind.

Smiling Joys, and Pleasures gay,

On gaudy Pinions round me play.

Da Capo.

CUPID enters, with the Satyr bound: A

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS, &c.

Cup. Revenge, no more infest my Mind!

Again the lovely PSYCHE's kind!

Ye Zephyrs, that attend the Fair,

On rosy Wings the Whisper bear:

And you, ye rougher Winds, disperse

All my Rage, and all my Fears.

Shepherds, ere you tread this Ground,

Purify yourselves around;

For this happy Grot is blest,

By ev'ry Power good and chaste.

C

Pardon,

Pardon, thou mistaken Maid !
 By LOVE himself thou'st been betray'd ;
 But relenting PSYCHE's kind ;
 And LOVE to Truth's no longer blind.
 Lovely Maid, and faithful Youth,
 Be happy in each other's Truth.

[CUPID joining their Hands.

A I R.

*Smiling Hours shall attend ye,
 Joys in endless Circles move ;
 CUPID always shall befriend ye,
 And ev'ry Moment fill with Love.*

Da Capo.

From where bright *Phæbus* mounts the East,
 To his Chambers in the West,
 Be this Pair for ever fam'd,
 As long as Love and Truth are nam'd,

D U E T.

*Myrt. Join your Voices, Shepherds, join ;
 And your Feet to Measures move.*

*Flor. To CUPID pay all Rites Divine ;
 To the mighty God of Love.*

Da Capo in Chorus,

Cup.

Cup. Now Satyr, hear ———

Sat. ——— Oh! spare my Shame!
Thou hast o'ercome that Satyr's Flame;
And now I burn with other Fires,
Virtuous Thoughts, and pure Desires.

Fair Maiden, now (to FLORIMEL.)
I look upon thee, as on Heav'n;
And only sue to be forgiv'n.
That bounteous Blessing not deny'd;
To be thy Slave shall be my Pride.
With ev'ry Green, and ev'ry Flow'r,
I'll deck thy interwoven Bower;
And place them with such Art and Care,
The Sun shall find no Entrance there.

A I R.

*Beneath that Shade,
When thou art laid;
I'll sing than Pipe more lear:
That soothing Sleep
Shall o'er thee creep;
And woo Thee thro' thine Ear.*

Da Capo.

Cup. Well hast thou promis'd, gentle Satyr:
Here be lost thy Savage Nature!
And, Shepherds, do ye ever prove
The Joys of Truth, and constant Love!
Happy, as this happy Pair,
Ev'ry Shepherd, ev'ry Fair:
Thus let Love by Truth be guarded!
Thus by Beauty Love rewarded!

A I R.

A I R.

*Love shall all your Hours employ,
All your Hours shall fill with Joy:
Happy, as this happy Pair,
Ev'ry Shepherd, ev'ry Fair!
Thus let Love by Truth be guarded!
Thus by Beauty Love rewarded!*

Da Capo.

*Myrt. CUPID o'er these fav'rite Plains
Once again in Triumph reigns.
Shepherds, tune your wonted Lays:
Chant with grateful Voice his Praise.*

Grand CHORUS of SHEPHERDS, &c.

C H O R U S.

*Great LOVE, to Thee our Rites belong;
Thy Name demands the Shepherd's Song;
Thy Pow'r demands the Shepherd's Knee.
Below, Above,
All, all is LOVE:
Ev'ry Thing is full of Thee.*

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The E N D.

